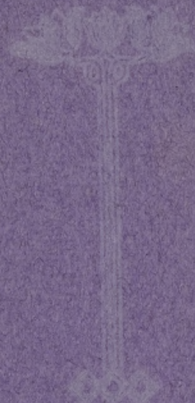


# The Echo

April 1931



Santa Rosa High School

Santa Rosa, California







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# THE ECHO



VOL. II

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1911

No. 9

## HARRY'S DISGRACE

By Carrie St. Claire



It was one of the most perfect days in early spring. All nature seemed to be revealing her sweetness in every conceivable manner. The birds had never sung so sweetly and the flowers seemed in fair revelry over the daintiness and sweetness of their perfume. It seemed hardly possible that anyone could be other than care-free and light-hearted on such a day, but such was the case of Harry Norcross, as he was slouching homeward after school.

"What can it be? What could have done it?" he muttered.

It was evident that he was much perturbed over something.

"Who could have believed it of me?" he repeated. "What can it be?"

That day the president of the Student Body had asked him to resign from his position of treasurer. The president, Will Mac Intyre, had been quite surly and gruff when he had said, "Sikes will see you next week." Now, Sikes was the nickname given the principal, Mr. Fenton, of whom all the boys stood in wholesome awe. He was so stunned that for a moment it was impossible to say anything. At length, he asked Will to explain, but Will only shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Of course, he had resigned, but it had been hard. It seemed that everyone knew of some awful crime, but were afraid to speak to him about it. His boy friends after dismissal, had hasten-

ed off without asking him to join them. True, he had never had to be asked before; but something in their faces caused him to turn and go homeward. For a third time, he repeated, "What caused it? Perhaps, after all, I have been too confident and deserved a come-down, but not as hard as this."

All at once, his face brightened, for coming down the street was Helen Taylor—one of the most popular girls in the Piedmont High School. He was about to call to her in a jocular tone, when something in her face stopped him. She passed him by without a word. For a few moments Harry could hardly believe his eyes.

"Girls are snobs, anyway," he exclaimed. "Still something fierce must have happened to turn even Helen against me. I was going to ask her to go with me to the basketball game, but I suppose she'll go with that swell-head—Earl Rushmore."

Just then a terrible confusion was heard and an effeminate appearing youth, apparently about the age of Harry, was seen to be rapidly approaching on a horse. He had lost all control of the animal and was vainly striving to stay in the saddle. Just before reaching Harry, the horse gave a violent lurch and the young fellow was losing his balance, when Harry deftly seized the bridle and brought the horse to a halt. The boy on the horse had fainted and Harry, attempting to keep an expression of disgust and contempt out of his face, lifted him to



the ground and quickly brought him to consciousness.

The boy was none other than Earl Rushmore, the son of the banker. On account of his wealth he considered himself superior to the other boys. Slowly he raised himself, and seeing Harry, flushed painfully.

"You!" he exclaimed. Something in his voice at once aroused Harry's suspicion, and he said:

"Yes; your horse seemed badly frightened."

"You," Earl repeated, assuming not to have heard his remark. "You sure happened along at a lucky time for me, Norcross. A little more and I would have had a dirty fall. By George, Harry, you've been white to me! Why didn't you let that horse throw me? Why haven't you choked me? I deserve anything. I am sorry, but I was the whole cause of your recent disgrace!"

Snatching him, Harry's face became livid, and it seemed for a moment that he would choke Rushmore; but on second thought he calmed himself, and spoke none too harshly.

"You scoundrel, you haven't been content with knocking me, but now you try to get me in wrong with some dirty trick. I might have known that you had something to do with it. Explain!"

"I will," he whimpered. "But it seems you are such a lucky fellow, always winning honors and increasing your popularity, while I never seemed to make any impression."

A feeling of pity arose in Harry's heart as he looked at the cowardly boy before him. After all, he was to be pitied. He had never had a chance to be a man, for he had been petted and cajoled by an ambitious mother and an over-indulgent father.

"How did you do it?"

"I circulated the story that the High School money had been taken for your private use. It seemed easy, as the school funds are in my father's bank, and I was cashiering when the president came to find

out how much money there was in the bank. It seemed such an easy way. But you treat me so square that I'm getting tired of trying to down you. I will confess it all tomorrow. Now let go of my neck; you're choking me."

With these words, the two walked towards the town, where they met a party of High School boys, who paused in astonishment at seeing the two boys together. Assuming a courage wholly unfelt, Earl made his way to the boys and told the tale, which exonerated Harry from all blame. The boys were overjoyed to hear that their popular school fellow was not guilty of such an act. Earl standing alone, he could not help but feel envious as the boys gathered around Harry with the old love of comradeship.

"If I could only win friends like that—I can too, if I make up my mind to be as honest as he is; I wonder if the fellows could ever like me like that." As he walked away, alone, wholly unmissed by the boys, he did some good thinking, which helped him to become the man he proved to be in later years.

Harry had been home only a few minutes when the telephone bell rang, and a girlish voice inquired, "You are coming over as usual, aren't you, Harry? I just saw Earl Rushmore and he told me a long story—but you come up tonight and I'll tell you all about it. Goodbye."

The next evening a very happy, enthusiastic boy was seen seated by quite the prettiest girl in the hall, loudly cheering the home team.





## PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION---1915

Frances Ahl.



URRAH! The year of grace, 1915, has arrived, the time for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. People from all over the universe are traveling to San Francisco to witness the World's Fair, which is about to be held in honor of the opening of the Panama Canal.

On such a mission was I, as I entered a crowded train, and departed for the metropolis. As I gazed from the car window I thought of the passed days, how in the early part of 1911, Congress, by a large majority, had decided in favor of the Western city, how the news was so quickly telegraphed over the world, how the State of California rejoiced that day, and showed her appreciation by the blowing of whistles and the ringing of bells. Then, adding to all the joy of this January morning, Apollo drove his steeds across the sky and the sun shone down, after almost a week of continual rainy weather.

After having ridden on the train for about two and one-half hours, I stepped onto the ferry-boat, and enjoyed a most magnificent ride across the bay. It was a beautiful, calm morning, and as the sun was making its journey across the sky, it shed its beams down on the blue waters, presenting a scene more beautiful than tongue or pen can describe. Before me were many war vessels from every nation, decorated with their brilliant flags. Adding to the life and the beauty of this scene many small sailing boats were moving about, while overhead, airships of various designs were constantly passing on their way to the big celebration. Noticeable among these was the handsome new model of the Wiseman biplane.

In a short time I was across the bay and soon had passed through the ferry building.

Before me lay the glorious San Francisco; behind me the clear blue waters of the bay. The surrounding streets were crowded with clattering carriages and automobiles. Street cars were continually running thru the crowded streets. The cement sidewalks were thronged with people from every nation of the globe. The buildings were decorated with the flags of the various countries, but above them all floated the proud red, white and blue.

I gazed upon these lively scenes a few minutes, and then entered a touring car. Within the next few hours I enjoyed a most beautiful ride through the entire city. I saw all the sites of San Francisco, including the Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, the leading exposition buildings, and many other places of interest. In general, the entire city was one scene of grandeur and mirth, all decorated and arranged for the opening of the fair on the following Monday.

Monday dawned bright and clear, and as the hour of nine drew near, Market street was the scene of one of the largest gatherings the world has ever witnessed. The President and Vice President of the United States, together with the President's cabinet, representatives of the mightiest republic on earth; ministers of kings; governors of States; statesmen, warriors, and ambassadors gathered here to be conveyed to the exposition grounds. A long line of handsome carriages and automobiles, beautiful in their equipments, lined both sides of the street as far as the eye could see. This group of national celebrities entered the carriages and autos, and started for Golden Gate Park amid cheers from the vast multitude assembled for the occasion. Following these men were many other officials; indeed it seemed as if all the world's famous men were present to participate in this noted



event. Never before in the history of mankind have so many representatives from the various countries of the world gathered in one place for the celebration of a common cause. The parade journeyed for several miles along the beautiful streets, which were lined with stately mansions, over which waved American flags.

At Golden Gate Park, millions of spectators occupied the space beyond the confines of the parade grounds. Hundreds of autos and rigs, filled with handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen, were lined up on all sides. As the parade approached, the military arm of the country rose in grateful salute to the civil power. Infantry, cavalry and artillery with banners gleaming in the sunlight, stood in martial array, while bands crashed, and officers brilliantly mounted dashed hither and thither. Guns were fired, flags were raised, and cheer after cheer proclaimed the loyalty and enthusiasm of the defenders of the republic.

When the parade passed, the crowd rushed to the entrances of a colossal lecture hall, which was soon packed to its utmost. A sea of human faces stretched far away on both sides. The great audience rose and cheered until the hollow dome thundered and roared in concord, as President Bryan stepped forward to give his introductory address.

I remained in this building for several hours, listening to the lectures of various leading men, and the singing of national hymns. After the last speaker had completed his address, the great audience slowly arose as if loath to leave the scene of such an impressive ceremony. As the crowds filed slowly out of the great hall, the firing of guns and the blowing of whistles proclaimed that the great advent had been concluded.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition buildings have recently been dedicated to the greatest exposition the world have ever wit-

nessed since the beginning of time. But dedication day was not yet over, the magnificent display of fireworks at night was one of the most popular features of the day. Even before dusk several millions of people were gathering to witness the fiery siege. The skies were soon aflame with light and the air was filled with myriads of Roman candles, rockets, and all sorts of strange devices for making various colored lights. The scene continued late into the night, in fact it was almost dawn ere the streets were once more cleared of their throngs.

On the following morning, I decided to return to the park and spend the day visiting the various exposition buildings. I took an early car from the city, thinking I might see the decorations and grounds before the crowds gathered, but when I arrived at the park it was already thronged with thousands of people. After surveying the beautiful grounds, I decided to enter some of the buildings. As I had always heard so many stories in connection with the beauty and magnificence of buildings of art, it was my desire to first visit the Palace of Arts. This building was well located near the center of the grounds and was set off to good advantage. It was an immense structure, covering more than thirty acres of ground. It was classic in style, bearing a strong resemblance to the Grecian-Ionic models. Its leading architectural feature was a huge dome, which measured one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and one hundred and seventy-five feet in height. After having thoroughly surveyed the exterior of the building and its immediate neighborhood, which was ornamented with groups of statues, replica ornaments of classic art, Grecian art and the like, I ascended the front steps and entered the beautiful arched doors. When I gained my first view of the interior of the "palace," I was by no means disappointed with what I saw. Before me lay the grandest gallery I had ever seen. It was the main floor with a



nave and transept, where the collections of sculpture were displayed. Here were collected the masterpieces of all the world's famous sculptors. The beautiful statues were placed in rows, extending from one end of the gallery to the other. As the rays of the sun shown down through the huge dome they rendered a scene which defies the power of the pen.

Besides the main gallery, devoted entirely to sculpture, there were smaller galleries formed in each corner by the intersections of the building, and around the entire structure were galleries forming one continuous promenade. These furnished ample areas for the display of paintings and sculptured panel reliefs. One of these rooms was graced by the portraits of the world's famous men and women. Here hung the pictures of Ina Colbrith, California's nature-loving poet, and Joaquin Miller, another famous Californian. Pictures of many other noted people, including such famous writers as the English dramatist Shakespeare; Longfellow, the poet; Burns; and such statesmen as Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Abraham Lincoln, and George Washington. But among all the portraits of the gallery, the one that attracted my at-

tention the most was that of our distinguished fellow-citizen, the greatest horticulturist and scientist of all time, Luther Burbank. There was so much to be seen in the Palace of Arts that I spent the entire day visiting the various galleries.

During the remainder of the week, I visited the other important exposition buildings, among which were the Machinery Hall and Electrical Building, and the Agricultural and Horticultural Buildings. Each one of these was of immense size and beautiful architectural design. They presented excellent displays of their respective exhibits. In general, these exposition buildings with their magnificent displays furnished a comprehensive picture of the civilization of the day.

After having spent a week taking in all the sites of the Fair, I departed for home, but many pleasant memories were still in my mind. The Panama-Pacific Exposition had proved itself the grandest event of its character, and one that would be pre-eminent in the world's history. This "Festival of all Nations" was a perfect culmination of all the progress made by the various countries of the globe during the centuries which had passed.





## THE VOYAGE

Emily E. Rued.



O an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has made is an excellent preparation. The cessation of the usual occupations produce a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new impressions.

In traveling by land, there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents that carry on the story of life and lessen the effect of absence and separation. But a sea voyage severs us at once; it makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world.

As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud on the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, now vanishing from my view, which contained everything dear to me in life—what changes might take place in it before I should visit it again.

I delighted to loll over the quarter-deck and muse for hours on the tranquil bosom of a summer sea. Then later play the fascinating game called "shuffle board" with my fellow passengers, or tramp about the sailors' deck.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme for idle speculation. In the evening, after the elaborate dinners, we would sit on deck listening to the soft strains of the band. Perhaps another ocean liner would pass, and the cheering and saluting was a fascinating thing to me.

But the second day of the voyage was far from pleasant. I then realized how the first sensations of sea-sickness felt. I passed the day in watching and feeding the thousands of little fish. In this pleasant position I could distinguish the voices of

my friends, giggling at my great distress. I had forgotten how the day before I had laughed when they were in the same condition.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea everything that is seen in the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be a whale, and then I remembered the stories I had read about the colossal size of the whales and their ability to "spout" water over thirty feet high.

One night we saw a seagull. The captain informed us that soon we would near the Azore Islands. The next morning the islands were in full view, and of all the beautiful sights I have seen in my trip from San Francisco to New York, and through Europe, I really think the islands impressed me more than any other. Probably it was because it was the first land we had seen for five days. It was as if the five days had been five weeks, although we had enjoyed ourselves immensely. It seems strange that these hills should suddenly rise from the depths of the ocean. The banana groves were very tempting, but as we did not have the pleasure of going ashore, we could not see the groves nearer than with the field glasses. We spent the whole day on deck, and towards evening, the islands were behind us and by the next morning we were again out on the vast expanse of water.

Three days later we came to Gibraltar. We had the extreme pleasure of being ashore for three hours. A small steamer carried us from the liner to the city. There, the narrow streets, the water carriers and many other foreign sights were very interesting. The hundreds of beggars and peddlers, who tried to sell their wares to the unexperienced "Yankee" were very amusing.

Soon the three hours were over, and again we left for the steamer. We were sailing



## THE ECHO.

through the Mediterranean Sea. It reminded me of all the brave Romans and Phoenicians, who had sailed in the same water, and which I had tried to study in the "Ancient History" class in the Santa Rosa High School.

It was a fine, sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Naples"! was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations, when an American first comes in sight of Italy. There in front of us, arose the gorgeous Mt. Vesuvius, with beautiful Naples at its foot, and the quiet bay, blue as the heavens. The small Italian boats were going leisurely from side to side, and the brightly-dressed girls with their mandolins were singing gaily about our steamer, ready to catch all stray coins thrown from the happy passengers above. With a short swish and thud the steamer came to the dock. All now was hurry and hustle—the meeting of acquaintances, the greeting of friends, the consultations of men of business.

We only—our party of three—were alone. The friends whom we had quickly learned to love, were gone. We stepped upon the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, but felt we were strangers in a strange land.

A maid with a duster  
Once made a great bluster,  
A dusting a bust in the hall;  
And when it was dusted,  
The bust it was busted,  
And the bust now is dust;  
That is all.

—Ex.

### Does This Apply to the Typewriting Class?

I have a newe-e Writer,  
Annd it is my de; ligt  
To pattern on it gaily  
And write and write, and write Hand Write?  
It aidss me in my laborrs?  
When Im workinG—" vein \*  
It makes a GRE at improveNt 1-2  
I write So veRY plaiN.  
It oPrates so \$ sosy;! Ftly \$5  
That when you you're. Stuck)  
And cannot FiIND the lett34er  
Just 6 jab—and trust to luck 40)  
It's easy—vEry easy—4  
To opeRate it then:;;; 98o\$\$3  
Now where on earth's that colon?

\* \* \* \* \*

Give me my ink and pen? —Ex.

Teachers cranky,  
Pupils few,  
Questions flying,  
Zeros, too.  
What's the matter?  
Don't you know?  
Monday morning,  
Always so.

—Ex.

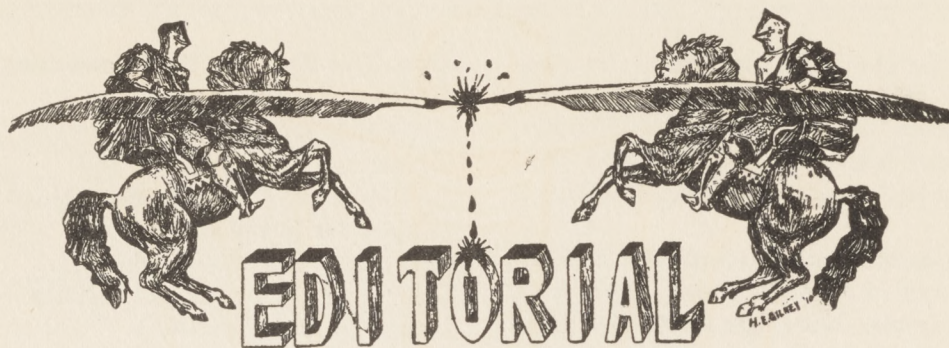
Father—My dear child, another new dress? Don't you ever think of anything else?

Gladys C.—Yes, of course; I should like some new furs.

Boy, book,  
girl, look;  
Book neglected,  
Flunk expected.

Ex.





## THE ECHO

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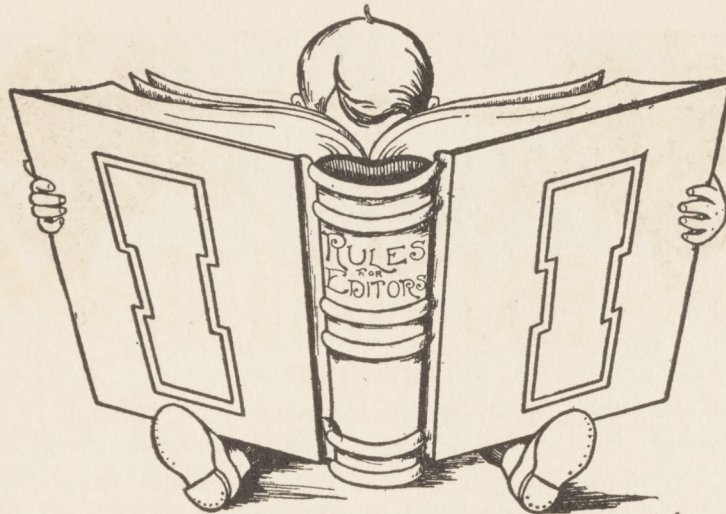
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## WHAT THE EDITORS THINK

The graduating class is preparing diligently for the commencement exercises. President McIntosh and his various committees have been at work for the last month, arranging the details.

The plans for the annual debate, which we mentioned in the last issue, are now proceeding rapidly.

The success of the excursion was far more successful than our hopes. The students who accompanied the team on that memorable day should be commended for their enthusiasm.

No material for the next issue of THE ECHO will be accepted after May 12. Jokes and poems are wanted for that number, but the stories have been selected.

In conjunction with the graduating class

of June, 1911, the staff of The Echo is planning to make the commencement number a record-breaker both in size and in quality. It is the desire of all concerned to make that number the best in the history of the school. In addition to the regular departments—all of which will be greatly enlarged—special features will be used. The number will contain the pictures of the graduates, the pictures of the athletes, and the pictures of the members of the staff. The commencement program and other articles of especial interest to the graduates and their friends will be printed.

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### Significant

Upon getting married, Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." Upon the death of his wife, he wrote "Paradise Regained."





# ATHLETICS

The dual meet between Santa Rosa and Oakland Polytechnic High, resulted in a decided victory for our school. The attendance was not even respectable, there being only about forty people from our school, and there was no rooting section at all. It looks as if we have to go away from home before we can secure a crowd for our meets.

The athletes from Oakland were a sturdy looking crew, but that is about all one could say for them. When they were matched against our fellows they quickly showed their inferiority.

The summary:

50 yard dash—Kinslow, S. R., won; McPeak, S. R., second; Feehan, O. P., third. Time, :54-5.

100 yard dash—Wilson, S. R., won; Kinslow and McIntosh, S. R., tied for second. Time, :10 3-5.

220 yard dash—McIntosh, S. R., won; Feehan, O. P., second; Clark, S. R., third. Time, :23 1-5.

440 yard dash—Cochrane, S. R., won; Trask, O. P., second; Clark, S. R., third. Time, :54 4-5.

880 yard dash—Ferguson, O. P., won; Chapman, S. R., second; Snyder, S. R., third. Time, 2:10.

Mile run—Ferguson, O. P., won; Chapman, S. R., second; Smith, O. P., third. Time, 5:04 1-5.

120 yard hurdles—Street, O. P., won; Gore, S. R., second; Weeks, S. R., third. Time, :18.

220 yard hurdles—Cochrane, S. R., won;

Gore, S. R., second; Street, O. P., third. Time, :27 2-5.

Mile relay race—Santa Rosa won. Time, 3:40.

Hammer throw—Drake, S. R., won; King, S. R., second; Street, O. P., third. Distance, 153 feet.

Pole vault—Pedersen and Lambert, S. R., tied for first; Dickson, O. P., third. Distance, 10 feet, 11 inches.

High jump—Cochrane, S. R., won; Pedersen, S. R., second; Fox, O. P., third. Distance, 5 feet, 9 inches.

Shot put—Madfern, O. P., won; Lambert, S. R., second; Weeks, S. R., third. Distance, 43 feet, 9 inches.

Broad jump—McIntosh, S. R., won; Pedersen, S. R., second; Clark, S. R., third. Distance, 18 feet, 2 inches.

Discus throw—Drake, S. R., won; Lambert, S. R., second; Street, O. P., third. Distance, 97 feet, 8 inches.

## N. W. S. L. A. A. L.

On April 1st, the Northwestern railroad ran an excursion to Ukiah, where the semi-annual meet of the Northwestern Sub-League was held. At least eighteen hundred people availed themselves of the low rates and ideal weather, and went up to see the athletes struggle for the glory of their schools. Santa Rosa won both cups; Paul Cochrane being the one who secured the highest number of individual points—14. It was a great day for Santa Rosa, and it went a long way toward placing her in the lead among the schools of the coast.

The summary:



## THE ECHO.

50 yard dash—Clay, W., won; Caughey, U., second; Doddow, P., third; Winslow, S. R., fourth. Time, :5 1-5.

100 yard dash—Clay, W., won; Briggs, H., second; McIntosh, S. R., third; Kinslow, S. R., fourth. Time, :10 3-5.

.. 220 yard dash—Briggs, H., won; McIntosh, S. R., second; Paine, S. Raf., third; Gibson, U., fourth. Time, :22 4-5.

440 yard dash—Cochrane, S. R., won; Gibson, U., second; Clark, S. R., third; Raymaker, P., fourth. Time, :53 4-5.

880 yard run—Clay, U., won; Chapman, S. R., second; Brown, P., third; Meyer, U., fourth. Time, 2:10 4-5.

Mile run—Mills, P., won; Chapman, S. R., second; Connolly, U., third; Thomas, A., fourth. Time, 5:00 3-5.

120 yard hurdles—Van Dyke, U., won; Waugh, U., second; Gore, S. R., third; Weeks, S. R., fourth. Time, :18.

220 yard hurdles—Cochdane, S. R., won; Esola, Hitch, second; Weeks, S. R., third; Walter, P., fourth. Time, :26 2-5.

Mile relay—Santa Rosa, won; Ukiah, second; Healdsburg, third; Analy, fourth. Time, 3:24.

Hammer throw—Drake, S. R., won; Doran, H., second; King, S. R., third; Steele, W., fourth. Distance, 157 feet, 10 inches.

Pole vault—Eldridge, H., won; Lambert, S. R., second; Pedersen, S. R., Raymaker, P., and Hufft, U. tied for third. Distance, 11 feet.

High jump—Cochrane and Pedersen, S. R., tied for first; Esola, Hitch and Van Dyke, U., tied for third. Distance, 5 feet, 3 3-4 inches.

Shot put—Caughey, U., won; Cromwell, P., second; Lambert, S. R., third; Mayes, H., fourth. Distance, 44 feet, 8 inches.

Broad jump—Van Dyke, U., won; Esola, Hitch U., and McIntosh, S. R., tied for second; Eldridge, H., fourth. Distance, 19 feet, 1 inch.

Discus throw—Caughey, U., won; Drake,

S. R., second; Cromwell, P., third; Steele, W., fourth. Distance, 103 feet, 11 1-2 in.

### Songs We Sing

Alice, Where Art Thou—Walton Hastings.

When My Hair Has Turned to Silvery Gray—Alison Dickson.

Baby Doll—Engelena Ward.

Minnehaha, Laughing Water—Ruby Ahl.

Silver Threads Among the Gold—Leo Noonan.

I've Got Rings on My Fingers—Pearl Russell.

No Wedding Bells for Me—Laurene Overton.

I'm Afraid To Go Home in the Dark—Norman McPeak.

I'm Trying to Find a Sweetheart—Howard Gilkey.

For He Loves My Dreaming Eyes—Adah Smith.

I Fell in Love All Myself—Dale Wetzler.

Whistle and I'll Wait for You—Ruth Luttrell.

There's Nobody Just Like You—Paul Cochrane.

Cubanola Glide—Weston Anderson.

Vergissmeinnicht—Gyendolyn Yarnell.

Mr. Steele (Hist. II.)—Can anyone draw the Plymouth Rock?

Douglas C. (waking up)—Which do you want, a hen or a rooster?







## SCHOOL NOTES

---

This is the first day of school after a vacation of two weeks. During that time institute was held at the High School.

A few weeks ago the entire special program was rendered by Weston Anderson, including three instrumental solos, which were greatly enjoyed by all.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Mills, our genial musical director, the students of the High School were permitted to listen to a number of selections rendered by Mrs. Barnett, a talented vocalist. Her numbers were very pleasing to all.

Miss Hazel Graham, graduate of the June class of 1910, visited the High School this month.

Mr. Moss, a very talented musician, rendered an instrumental selection before the Student Body.

Miss Irene Norris was a visitor during the last week of school.

Miss Gladys Gibson was with us on the 11th.

Alice de Bernardi has been dishonorably discharged from the Student Body for non-payment of dues.

---

### An Educational Epidemic

Mother—Where do you feel sick?

Earl J.—On my way to school.

Clara C. (Hist I.A.)—Claudius died 54 B. C.

Chester—He didn't die; he was killed.

Viola L.—Oh, Francis, did you see that sign on the board in room 9?

Francis W.—No; what did it say?

Viola—Wanted, a tame, brown, rat. Apply to Edith Sanford.





A special meeting of the Governing Board was held March 8.

The girls' basketball team was allowed to play Analý on March 10.

The matter of having the forty hurdles made at a cost of \$20, was reconsidered.

The track manager was authorized to have forty hurdles made at a cost of \$25.

At a special meeting March 9, the track manager stated that Oakland Polytechnic High School had accepted our challenge for a dual track meet, with the provision that we pay their expenses. The track manager was authorized to notify Oakland Polytechnic that we would pay one-half of their carfare and provide them with entertainment during their stay. The track manager was also advised to communicate with other schools concerning a dual meet, offering similar terms.

A motion was passed at the meeting on March 15 to the effect that we invite the members of the Mothers' Club to attend the track meet on March 18.

The track manager was authorized to purchase a gallon of "rub-down" for the use of the team.

A special meeting was held on March 24.

It was decided to have the cup which we won in the meet with Oakland Polytechnic, engraved at the school's expense.

The manager's report for the recent field meet was accepted.

The manager's report for the February Echo was accepted.

Miss O'Meara, in behalf of the Mothers' Club, thanked the Board for the courtesy shown in presenting them with passes to the field meet.

A finance committee meeting was held March 28. The manager of The Echo was allowed five dollars for his services in issuing the January number of the paper.

The sum of \$65 was set aside to help defray the expenses of the commencement number of The Echo.

At the meeting on March 29, the track manager was allowed the sum of \$14 to pay the carfare of thirteen men and a coach to the N. W. S. A. A. L. meet at Ukiah, April 1st.

The sum of \$2 was ordered drawn from the treasury to pay for hauling the new hurdles from Windsor.





## EXCHANGES

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The "Hitchcock Sentinel," San Rafael: Your issues of February 11th and 25th indicate that you surely have a promising athletic outlook this season. However, all your write-ups contain the phrase, "lack of space prevents giving details." This should be remedied.

"Olla Podrida," Berkeley: Your Christmas '10 issue needs a table of contents. This is your only error. The paper presents an excellent appearance. The material is all well written.

"The Sotoyoman," Healdsburg: Your January and February issues come so as to be under consideration for one issue of The Echo. Both issues are good, live papers. Your literary department and editorials show special merit.

"The Pioneer," New Orleans, La.: Your second issue is at hand. You have omitted the table of contents; also give the editorial department first place in the regular departments in preference to exchanges. Your departments are well written, considering your limited space.

"The Toltec," Durango, Colorado: Your material is good, but sadly confused. Let your literary work precede the editorials, and the athletic notes precede the class items.

"The Quill," Marion, Iowa: Why no table of contents? Your arrangement is heartless. Editorials and literary work should exchange places; also exchanges and locals. Your locals are good.

"The Sentinel," Los Angeles: A thoroughly representative school paper. Your editorials and personals are worthy of special mention. Your arrangement is very good.

"The Calendar," Buffalo, N. Y.: Your material is good, but your arrangement could be greatly improved. You need some cuts—your pages are too bare.

"The Hilltop," Jersey City, N. J.: Your cover design is good. The literary material this month has greatly pleased us. Both cartoons are good.





#### Tragic

"In vain! In vain! Always in vain!" she moaned.

"What is it?" inquired the benevolent old gentleman.

"The letter V," she cried.

#### Not in His Course

Mr. Grove—And what did you get on your card in deportment, young man?

Skip (falteringly)—I don't take that yet, sir.

Miss O'Meara—Some of these tongue-twisters are really very hard to enunciate. For instance, "The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us."

Vera D.—That'th eathily thaid. You thimply thay it tho: "The thea theatheth, and it thuffitheth uth!"

Mr. Montgomery (Eng. II.)—Can anyone tell me some more about Diana?

Louis T.—Yes, I can; she was an old maid from choice.

Young Dinklebaum—Fadder, how much is two and two?

Old Dinklebaum—Vat you vant to do, buy or sell?

Miss Wirt—What color is grass when covered with snow?

Charles C.—Invisible green.

Miss O'Meara (Eng. VII.)—When a lady goes into a theater, she takes off her hat." To Paul, "What would you do with it?" (meaning the sentence.)

Paul—I'd hire a derrick and hoist it on a rack.

---

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## THE ECHO.

---

Freshie—Mama, will you say over the Ten Commandments for me?

(After mother had repeated them)—That's what I thought they were. Miss O'Meara said them over for us in the study hall and said we had to obey them, especially, after we had crossed the threshold of the study hall.

Earl W.—Congratulations, Charles. I hear that you have a life-long job.

Charles C.—How is that?

Earl—Paying for your spikes on the installment plan.

George D.—We had a spelling bee last night.

Ben D.—How did you come out?

George D.—I got stung.

Sam M.—What's a martyr, Leo?

Leo N.—A kid that lives up to his teacher's expectations.

Will B.—Wont you try some of my angel cake?

Jesse W.—Will it make an angel of me?

Will—Well, it depends on the kind of a life you have lead.

Barber—Is the razor hurting you, sir?

Shirley A.—I'd never know there was a razor on my face.

Barber—That's good.

Shirley A.—It reminds me more of the time when I used to try to shave with father's old jack-knife.

Miss Leddy—What does trickling mean?

Vernie R.—Running slowly.

Miss Leddy—Correct. What's an anecdote?

Vernie—A short, funny tale.

Miss Leddy—Good; now, use both words in a sentence.

Vernie—I saw a dog trickling down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote.

Mother—Perhaps the young man needs a little encouragement.

Bernice H.—Yes, mama; I wish you would keep out of sight more when he's here.

Gladys Combs—How did Jonah feel when the whale swallowed him?

Gladys B.—Down in the mouth.

Oliver Burger—I wish to get a necktie, please.

Clerk—Spotted one, sir?

Oliver B.—Not yet; but let's see the one on the end.

Little tests that drop

In Physics every day,

Makes the mighty Senior

Wise in every way.

—Ex.

---

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## THE ECHO.

---

Johnny—Pa, did Moses have dyspepsia like you?

Father—How on earth do I know?

Johnny—Why, our Sunday School teacher says the Lord gave Moses two tablets.

Howard G.—See that little leaflet, blown by a breezelet, floating on the wavelet.

Ether G.—You had better go out in the back-yardlet and soak your headlet under the pumplet.

### A Hint

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

"Mother, mother, turn the hose on me," sang Willie, whose mother was dressing him.

Mother—What do you mean?

"You've put my stockings on wrong side out," he said.

Gertrude L.—My hair is all falling out. Can you recommend something to keep it in?

Marie W.—Certainly. Here is a nice cardboard box.

Guy Grosse—Esther, I couldn't begin to—to tell you how much I—I—

Esther G.—You certainly have been a long time beginning. Go ahead.

### Hist. IV.—Written Lesson

Mr. Steele—Not so loud, Mr. Abeel. Keep what you know to yourself.

Shirley—I don't know anything; but I was trying to find out something.

Definition for the phrase, "Black as your hat—Darkness that may be felt.

### Of Course

Mr. Searcy (arithmetic)—Where can you find the number of pounds in a long ton?

Irene Campbell—In the encyclopedia.

### Another Foolish Question

Miss Smith (Alg. II.)—Clifton, I see there is a vacant chair near you. Is the person absent that sits next to you?

Mr. Montgomery (Eng.)—What are kine?

Louis T.—Pigs.

The other day a lady hurried into a store and demanded of the clerk: "Give me a five-cent mouse trap, quick; I want to catch a train."

---

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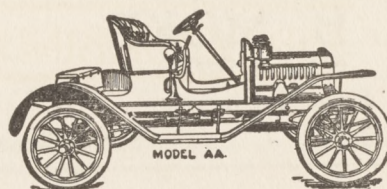
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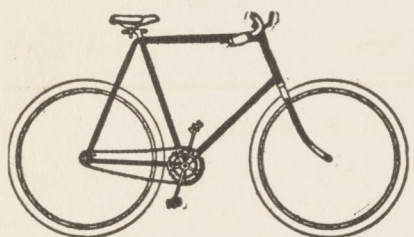
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Gladys C.—Die? Oh! he was excommuni-  
cated by a papal bull.

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Miss O'Meara—Sam, define a periodic  
sentence.

Sam M.—It's a sentence which ends with  
the last word.

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